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A Hymn for Lent

O ruthless scourges, with what pain you tear
My Saviour's flesh, so innocent and fair!
Oh, cease to rend that flesh divine,
My loving Lord torment no more;
Wound rather, wound this heart of mine,
The guilty cause of all He bore.

Ye cruel thorns, in mocking wreath entwin'd
My Saviour's brow in agony to bind,
Oh, cease to rend that flesh divine,
My loving Lord torment no more;
Wound rather, wound this heart of mine,
The guilty cause of all He bore.

Unpitying nails, whose points, with anguish fierce,
The hands and feet of my Redeemer pierce!
Oh, cease to rend that flesh divine,
My loving Lord torment no more;
Wound rather, wound this heart of mine,
The guilty cause of all He bore.

Unfeeling lance, that darest to open wide
The sacred temple of my Saviour's side!
Oh, cease to wound that flesh divine,
My loving Lord insult no more;
Pierce rather, pierce this heart of mine,
The guilty cause of all He bore.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

As you walk along the white Appian way that stretches from the foot of the Palatine, in the heart of Rome, even to the Alban Hills that trace the horizon to the south, you can see on both sides of the road the ruins of burial vaults. Here a broken inscription, there a mutilated statue, again fragments of marble. In some few cases so much of the vault remains that you can discern what its original form was. The Romans were accustomed to cremate the bodies of their dead. The ashes, placed in urns, were kept in these vaults. The long line of vaults begins about a mile outside the city—for it was law, in ancient Rome, that no one could be buried within the city limits. These vaults were once adorned with all the splendors of art; today the ruinous remains of former grandeur stare at the passerby like ugly skeletons.

The Christians from the very first departed from the Pagan custom of burning the bodies of their dead. Accustomed to regard their bodies as sacred—not daring to defile them in life by sin—they dared not desecrate them in death by wantonly burning them. Wherefore, they buried them, even as our Lord was buried; that so their dead might await the great day of Resurrection.

But where should they bury them? The Roman vaults were not prepared for burials. In the beginning, naturally, because the first converts were Jews, they laid their dead in the Jewish cemeteries; for the Jews also clung to the tradition of burying their dead. Later, however, when rich Romans joined the faithful, they made it their privilege at once and their duty to yield their family vaults as burial places for the faithful—especially for the Holy Martyrs. But these family vaults were small—whereas, thousands of the faithful died in Rome, particularly during the days of persecution. Where could sufficient place be found for their burial? Devotion quickly solved the problem. Beginning at one of these family vaults, the Christians dug new chambers under ground. The soil in Rome's vicinity is a volcanic tufa like brittle earth, which easily yields to pick and shovel. They generally began by hollowing out a long corridor. Niches were made in the walls on both sides to receive the corpses. Sometimes there were only two niches placed one above the other—at other times as many as eighteen—as in one of the galleries of the Catacomb of San Callisto. When

the niches of the first corridor each held their precious burden, new galleries were opened at right angles, until the numbers grew and labyrinthine cities were built beneath the ground. Light and air were let in through holes in the ground above. Sometimes for want of space, instead of extending these underground streets of the dead, the Christians would dig deeper into the earth—thus forming a second story. In the Catacombs of St. Sebastian we can still descend three stories into the ground.

Thus the tomb of some wealthy converted family became the nucleus of a Christian cemetery. In this manner cemeteries grew around the family tomb of St. Caecilia, of the Roman matron, Lucina; and of St. Pretextetus, on the Appian Way; around the vault of Saint Priscilla, the mother of the senator Pudens, on the Salarian Way, and so forth. These cemeteries were originally what the name signifies—cities of the dead. True, even from the very beginning, the corridors were widened out at places into a square or circular chamber of greater or lesser extent. These chambers were then decorated in the style of a basilica—the ceiling vaulted more carefully, marble pillars and ornaments were introduced, and all things were arranged to serve the purposes of public worship. However, excepting the anniversary days of the martyrs, the Holy Sacrifice was not offered here. It was only in time of more severe persecution, when the churches were strictly policed or destroyed and when private houses no longer offered a safe place for worship, that the Christians made the catacombs serve the purpose of a church. And to such usage, no doubt, we owe the decoration and ornamentation of some of these subterranean basilicas. Some of these basilicas can still be seen—for instance in the Catacombs of San Calisto, where the so-called Chapel of the Popes still preserves much of its original form. In the Catacombs of St. Priscilla is an even more interesting model of these diminutive churches—more interesting because older and because visited, according to probable conjecture, by St. Peter. The arrangement is clearly discernible, the place where the altar stood, the pulpits for the Gospel and Epistle, the Bishop's chair, etc.

In all these cemetery churches, as indeed in all early Christian churches, the Bishop's chair holds a peculiar place. For we must remember that there were not so many churches then, nor so many priests. The faithful were not so numerous and because communication was more difficult, Parishes came easily to be regarded as Bishop-

rics. The Bishop was the true Pastor of souls. The Priest was his assistant in a narrower sense than now-a-days. And if the growing number of converts necessitated the erection of a subsidiary place of worship, this was closely affiliated with the Cathedral church or church possessing the Episcopal chair.

Even in these underground churches, where there was but little room for splendor and where artistic efforts had to encounter many natural limitations, the Christians aimed at the highest beauty possible, thus already foreshadowing the spirit that would create the great Gothic Cathedrals of the Middle Ages.

The Catacombs range from twenty to about fifty feet in depth. The passageways or corridors are from two to four feet broad—just broad enough to allow the bearers of the dead easy passage with their precious burdens. Here and there little saucer-shaped lamps, fed with oil, were placed in niches in the walls or placed on pedestals. Many of these lamps can still be seen in the catacombs—some plain clay vessels, others ornamented with the symbols so often found in the catacombs, and more rarely, with medallion-like images of the Lord or of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

The excavation of these wonderful underground cities must seem a gigantic work even in our day of machines and labor-saving devices. What must it have been in those early days! And yet, the vicinity of Rome is literally honeycombed with catacombs. Truly we must admire those brave, hardy, energetic, steadfast ancestors of ours in the faith, who, when they had theaters, circuses and luxurious public baths set before them, chose the simple, sombre service of the Christian Sacrifice. It was nothing external that could attract them. The temples of the idols shone in all the splendor of the golden age of art. The pagan worship was attended with all the grandeur of Roman luxury. The religion of Rome required no sacrifice, laid no burdens on its votaries, imposed no duties that demand self-conquest and struggle against evil. On the other hand, the Holy Mass was not surrounded then, as it is now, with all the solemnity of music and chant and ceremony. It was a simple service: the word of God and the breaking of the Bread! The Word of God, the teaching of the Gospel, that must have sounded austere in the midst of Roman decadence! The breaking of the Bread, with the simple but sublime prayers which formed the body of the Holy Sacrifice! Did these attract and hold the faithful? Yes; it was evidently the virtue that went out from the little white "Host" which lay on the

altar, that could make these Christians worship here, even at the risk of life and all. Yet here they would be found, day by day, partaking of the Bread of the strong—old and young, maidens and matrons, youths and men, rich and poor, free and slave, or rather all free—because the Faith made them free. Holy Communion well explains the courage and bravery of these first Christians.

Among them were some called "Fossores" or "Diggers." They formed, as it were, one of the Minor Orders. Their occupation was to dig the cemeteries, or catacombs as we call them. And we find this name inscribed on some of the tombs as a mark of distinction. They seem to have been highly esteemed, and rightly so. Their task was by no means easy. The earth removed in digging had to be carried out in baskets and was deposited in the sandpits with which the catacombs were sometimes connected. These sandpits offered a less conspicuous and less dangerous entrance than a private villa, where a gathering of so many people would naturally arouse suspicion. The sandpits were dug in the first stratum of the Roman soil and yielded that sand called "pozzolano," which makes the excellent cement used so extensively in Rome. As we have seen, the Christians dug lower down, into the second stratum, which was composed of volcanic tufa. When not carried out to these sandpits, the soil removed from the catacombs was piled in corridors or passages which were no longer frequented. In the early days the holes for light and air were few, and so the catacombs were anything but pleasant places in which to work or to assemble for religious worship. It was only the strong faith of the Christians that inspired them with such heroism.

This faith showed itself in the epitaphs and inscriptions which adorn the simple slabs of stone that covered the resting place of the deceased. We can still read many of these inscriptions; to this day these Christians speak to us a living tongue. It is very instructive and interesting to see how they thought and felt. These stones reveal that the Christians of those days had the same lofty ideals, the same beliefs and hopes, the same expectations, the same sacraments and sacrifice that we have. All the epitaphs are characterized by a warm, affectionate charity, simple artlessness, and unworldliness. The thought of the other world seems to have been very familiar to them, while the things of this world seem to fade from their view. Constantly in danger of losing all, they realized that "this earth is but a fleeting show for man's illusion given"; that there is "nothing true but heaven".

But not only are there inscriptions. The rough walls of these underground chapels and burial chambers are decorated with paintings. To us, these paintings may seem crude at times—stiff, unnatural, and unartistic. But we must judge them in the light of the times in which they were created. They compare favorably with the usual artistic productions of the later imperial days, which are known as a period of decadence in art and literature. In many respects they are even superior, especially in conception. What a great advance, for instance, is not a sweet Madonna and her Child over the sensual and even grotesque figures that still stare at you from some ruined temple! Many of the paintings in the catacombs represent the mysteries of our faith, scenes from the life of our Lord or from the Old Testament.

If we were to gather together all the inscriptions and all the paintings and frescoes found scattered throughout the catacombs, ranging as they do from the beginning of the second to the close of the fourth century, we could illustrate with them almost every article of the Apostle's Creed. What a remarkable profession of faith that would be! A profession of faith which could not be accused of being the work of some theorizer, but a profession of faith taken from the lips, yes, from the hearts of the people and written, as it were, with their own blood on the graves of their departed. What a consolation, what an inspiration it should be for us, to think, while reciting our creed, that we could read its every article on the tombs of the heroic Christians of the early! We learn the faith from their lips as they learnt it from the Apostles, who in turn heard every one of its mysteries from the lips of Him with whom they had so many a quiet hour of converse. What a wonderful faith this Faith of ours is, after all! It was first taught, without "noise and observation," in the distant towns of Palestine and cherished in the hearts of twelve fishermen. Its divine Teacher was nailed to the cross—but He speaks louder in death than in life! The first insignificant seeds were borne to Rome and were planted in the depths of the earth. Above the storms raged—above angry elements were in fury. Then came the Voice that commands the winds and the waves: "Be still!" "And there came a great calm."

See—the mustard seed put forth its first tender little shoot, and through the ages it has grown and grown till now it is a mighty tree—"so that the birds of the heavens can dwell in its shadow."

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

My dear young men: you will remember reading, as boys, among the first touching incidents in Bible History, the story of Cain and Abel—the story of the first murderer and of the first martyr. You remember that, when the Lord called Cain to an account, Cain replied that “he knew nothing of his brother; that he was not his brother’s keeper.”

Not his brother’s keeper! My dear young men, there is nothing that so hardens our hearts and clouds our minds as the cold dead weight of mortal sin upon our souls. Cain knew—how could he help knowing—that God had seen his sin. He knew, too, the law of God. It was written ineffaceably upon his frozen heart: “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” And yet he said “he was not his brother’s keeper.” God judged otherwise, for we read that “God send him forth to wander upon the face of the earth, a marked man, saying: The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth to me from the earth. Cursed, therefore, shalt thou be upon the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive the blood of thy brother at thy hand.”

My dear young men, this is the law of charity: “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” It touches in numberless ways the comings and goings of our daily life. We shall survey the whole region in due time. At present I have several incidents to relate, that throw light upon one particular side of this law of charity, namely, fraternal correction. The word has a bookish flavor, but it means simply the using of our influence to keep others out of sin.

When I was a boy at school, an example in point occurred one year during the time of examination. We sat three in a bench. The premiums that year for Christian Doctrine were a gold medal and a silver watch. We were writing our Catechism examination, and we all had an eye upon those premiums. The boy in the middle of the bench in which I sat, stopped writing. His brow knit. He was perplexed. “What are the seven capital sins?” He did not know. He quietly slipped his book out of his desk, and opened it. The boy at the other end of the bench leaned over and whispered: “Don’t, Bob, that would be cheating.” The boy in the middle blushed as well as he could between his freckles, closed his book, and put it away. The sound of that word “cheat” saved him from being a cheat. In the end he came out a close third. Had he looked into his book and thus obtained the watch he would have obtained it wrongfully. The timely word of his

friend had saved him. The boy at the other end of the bench was his brother's keeper. He loved his neighbor as himself.

Another more serious example, and a true one, like the schoolroom incident just related. It happened in a large dry goods house. One of the clerks, a young man, was waiting upon a customer. He sold the customer a bolt of linen, four dollars and fifty cents, and also some yards of fine silk, amounting to twelve dollars. The customer was in a hurry and paid the bill without waiting for his cash slip. The clerk made out the slip for the cash girl in the office: "One bolt IXL Linen, \$4.50." He placed the paper and the \$4.50 in the carrier overhead and sent it along the wire to the office. Another clerk, a friend of his, was standing near by, and noticed he had jotted down but one item. He noticed, too, that his friend had slipped a bill and some silver beneath a pile of goods upon the counter. He walked up to his friend and said: "Say, Frank, don't start that. You know it's wrong. Don't make a thief out of yourself. Come on, send that money into the office."

As I said, this story is true. That friend was his brother's keeper. He did what he was bound to do. His brother-clerk was about to commit a mortal sin, to do an injustice in a serious matter, a thing deserving the eternal fires of hell. As it happened, the offender never tried it again. He had attempted, in a moment of weakness, to rob his employer, but that word "thief" and the knowledge that his wickedness was known (for a guilty conscience hates the daylight) saved him from a sin that in all probability would have been the first of a long black chain of sins, with each black link blacker and more serious than its fellow. Had his friend said to himself: "It's none of my business if he steals. I'm not going to say anything," this friend would have been another Cain, and on the day of judgment would probably have answered as Cain answered: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

My dear young men, you grasp the seriousness of this matter. We must assist our neighbor. We must "love our neighbors as ourselves." That is the law. But like all things in this world, all laws, it must be understood correctly. We are bound to interfere, obliged to do so by God's law, but only when we know for certain that the thing is wrong, a mortal sin; only when we are certain of doing some good by interfering, and there is no one at hand to take our place. A great difficulty alone excuses us. Consequently we must use our judgment. God has given us reason and common sense to use in these matters as well as others. We must not think that whenever we see something wrong

going on, we must step up and begin to preach. Not at all. We must be sure we shall have some influence upon the evildoer, and then speak to him as a friend, kindly and shortly. Or it may happen that it is unnecessary to speak directly of the matter at all. Suppose, on a Saturday evening, you are walking home with a friend. You pass a saloon and your friend turns in. You stop him and say: "Come on, Frank, or John, or Bob, as the case may be, I got to get home. Walk up with me. Nothing but toughs hanging around this place, anyway. Come on!" A few words of this kind may suffice to draw your companion home sober for that night, and you will have performed an act of charity that will cause joy in heaven, and for which your friend, later on, when he becomes aware of your good influence upon him, will be heartily grateful, for, as we read in Holy Scripture: "He that rebuketh a man, shall afterwards find favor with him."

But I repeat, use your judgment. Never, for instance, threaten to report. Suppose you know a young fellow is beginning to take liberties with a good girl. Speak to him. Tell him to stop, if you think you have influence enough to make him stop it. If not, then without a word to the culprit, warn the parents, or the guardian, or the brother of the girl. A threat to inform rarely does good—merely angers the offender and makes things worse.

Again, in general, it is useless to speak to strangers; at least to speak outright. It is not only useless, but may be dangerous. I can imagine a young man brimming with zeal and charged with the magnanimous spirit of philanthropy, I can imagine him stopping a pair of half-intoxicated strangers or interfering in a noisy street-brawl and launching forth into a sermon somewhat after this fashion: "My friends, pause awhile, think! Do you not know your actions are criminal? Do you not know what evils swarm in the track of such brutal behavior? Stop it. Go home. You are a scandal to all good people. You are a disgrace to your families—very thorns in the bosom of the commonwealth." And I can imagine this young man, this Don Quixote, being treated, if I may use the expression, as a nettle on the clothing of the commonwealth, brushed off into the dust. No, do not play the Don Quixote. It always reaps evil consequences and never brings forth good.

Hence, let me repeat, you may and must interfere only when you know the thing is wrong and you are sure of doing some good by interfering. At other times it is seldom prudent to do so. Of course, as I said above, a great difficulty or lack of opportunity is an excuse. For

instance, if you knew a friend was going to an objectionable place where he would be sure to sin grievously, you would not be obliged to spend the evening in an endeavor to meet that friend and dissuade him from his purpose. Again, you would not be obliged to supply another person with money merely to keep him from sinking under a temptation to steal. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,"—not more than thyself, which were the case, were we bound to be continually going to great trouble and expense to guard others against sin.

Consequently, to come to a close, it is necessary to see our obligations in a clear light. That is evident. And beyond that, I think it is quite evident also, to each one of us, that we can be of immense assistance to one another by means of this neighborly influence. Forewarned is forearmed. A word to the weak costs so little, and is worth so much. There are occasions when the words of parents, the words of the Priest in the pulpit fall unheeded on the ear. There are occasions when nothing, nothing short of a miraculous intervention of heaven, can save a man from the snares of sin, except a timely, kindly, prudent, brotherly word from a friend. And will this friend draw back and say within himself: "'Tis none of my business," or in the words of Cain, "I'm not my brother's keeper"? Surely not.

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PRIMARY EDUCATION AMONG THE JEWS

When St. Joseph had returned from Egypt to Palestine, he heard that Archelaus reigned in Judea in place of Herod, his father, and so Joseph "was afraid to go thither." And his fears were well-founded. The historian Josephus summarizes this reign in two words: "cruelty and tyranny". One of his first public acts was the butchery of 3000 Jews in the Temple. After a reign of nine years his subjects were so exasperated as to petition Augustus for his removal from office and their reasons were so serious that Archelaus was deposed and exiled. No wonder then that Joseph was warned in sleep and retired into Galilee. Wistfully our eyes follow the Holy Family as they wander northward. We hear nothing of the Infant Jesus till his appearance in the temple when twelve years of age. And we wonder how His childhood days were spent. Holy Writ is almost silent. Then let us glance at the usual occupations of a boy as described in other sources. We will pay attention to one special point: the first lessons of a boy of the period.

At home. Quite naturally a boy's parents were to be his first instructors. And their supreme concern was to be the law of God. They knew how God had loved Abraham and made him a source of blessing for all the nations of the earth. And why? "For I know that he will command his children and his household after him to keep the way of the Lord and do judgment and justice." All coveted Abraham's blessing and were proud of being his children. His example became law for all. In Deuteronomy we read: "And now, O Israel, hear the commandments and the judgments which I teach thee, that doing them thou mayest live. Thou shalt teach them to thy sons and grandsons." How beautifully this law bore fruit we see in such examples as that of Tobias, who taught his boy from his infancy to fear God. When the old man thought his death was nigh, he again called his boy to his bedside and bade him ever "bear God in mind and never transgress His commandments." We are filled with wonderment at the story of the chaste Suzanna and when we search for the secret of her virtue we find it in the passage: "For her parents, being just, had instructed their daughter according to the law of Moses." The delicate influence of a mother's love is also felt in this matter when we read in the second Epistle to Timothy: "From thy infancy thou has known the Holy Scriptures." A glance at the opening verses tells us that all was due to his grandmother, Lois, and his mother, Eunice.

When was this instruction to begin? We have heard it already in the cases of Tobias and Timothy: "from infancy". Then we are not surprised when we meet these words in the pages of Josephus, the Jewish historian, who lived only a few years after Christ, and who well reflects the spirit of the age: "Were anyone to examine us as to our laws, we could answer this more readily than give our names. For we learn the law from our first consciousness and bear it engraven on our inmost soul". Philo, another Jewish author, who lived about the time of Our Lord confirms this statement. When speaking of the Jews and their knowledge of the Law, he says: "They are taught, so to speak, from their swaddling clothes, by their parents, teachers, and those who bring them up". In the great collection of unwritten Jewish laws and oral traditions called the Talmud, we find the admonition about the child: "As soon as he can talk, his father shall teach him the Law". Thus we begin to understand the boast of Josephus that in his fourteenth year he knew the law so well that even his elders used to consult him on particular points regarding it.

How was this instruction imparted? In many ways. His very prayers, which were long enough, were usually passages from Holy Writ. His curiosity was aroused by the incessant round of feasts, all commemorative of events in Israel's history. This was foreseen by the precept of Moses: "And when thy son shall ask thee tomorrow, saying: What mean these testimonies and ceremonies and judgments which the Lord our God hath commanded us? Thou shalt say to him: We were bondmen of Pharaoh in Egypt and the Lord brought us out of Egypt in a strong hand, etc." At the annual celebration of the Pasch the rubrics required that a boy should ask the father what all this meant, and he was to give a full explanation of all. When the feast of Purim was celebrated, the book of Esther was read. The feast of Lights recalled the heroism of the Maccabees. Now call to mind that about one-sixth of the year was occupied by feast-days and we may form a fair idea of a boy's chances for instruction in a religious household. But direct instruction was also offered him when the Talmud exhorts mothers to teach the child one verse after another; reminds her that a special blessing will come to her if she take the boy to synagogue on the Sabbath-day. This was supported by another passage of the law: "Teach your children that they meditate on them (i. e., these, my words,) when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest on the way, and when thou liest down and thou risest up". Nor was this altogether a dead letter when we remember what zeal, and almost fanaticism was prevalent in the days of Christ. When we remember how they used to fasten little passages of the law upon their door-posts and carry them in their hands and on their foreheads, they give at least some evidence of the spirit that animated them. We cannot forget how in the days of Antiochus Epiphanes they suffered terrible persecution just because of the copies of the Scriptures which they treasured at home. The Talmud illustrates this by a little anecdote: "A Levite had set out on a journey. He died on the way, in an inn. His entire property consisted of a stick, a travelling-bag, and a book of the Law".

In school. Schools are met with in the remote days of the Egyptian and Babylonian monarchies. Among the records discovered in Tell el Amarna is the representation of an Egyptian school. Among the Babylonian brick-tablets are the exercises of the school-boys with the teachers' corrections. Schools of Prophets are mentioned till the

times of the prophet Amos. They are scattered over the land: in Rama, Bethel, Jericho, Gilgal. It appears that the priests also took part in the work of instruction. Now about a century before Our Lord's birth, Simon ben Schettach, brother of Queen Salome, and president of the Sanedrim, is credited with the enactment: that children should go to school. However, according to Schurer, an authority in the matter, "he is the meeting point for all sorts of myths". So we must pass on and search elsewhere for solid information on this point. We reach this solid ground with the career of Joshua ben Gamla. He may have been the son of that Gamaliel who was the teacher of St. Paul. And probably he was High-priest from the year 63 to 65 after Christ, a little before the fall of the Holy City. The Talmud tells of him: "Truly be it remembered to this man's credit! Joshua ben Gamla is his name. If he had not lived the law would have been forgotten in Israel. For at first, he who had a father was taught the law by him; but he who had none did not learn the law. Afterwards it was ordained that teachers of boys should be established in Jerusalem. Then he that had a father was sent to school by him; but he that had no father, would not go there. Then it was decreed that teachers of boys be appointed in every province and all the boys of 16 or 17 years should be sent to them. But these would run away from school whenever the teacher grew angry with them. Now came Joshua ben Gamla. And he enacted that teachers be appointed in every province and in every town and all children of 6 or 7 years be brought to them". It was required that every town maintain at least one school. Should it be a large town, or a town intersected by a stream, there must be two schools. In case the community were too poor, the synagogue might serve as school during the week. For every twenty-five children there must be a special teacher. If the number rose to forty, he must seek an assistant. If it reached fifty, there must be two teachers.

How was this schooling graded? The child must first learn the letters of the alphabet. The minister of the synagogue or the school master would write them on the board, large and clear. He would point to them with his finger or the stylus asking the name of each. The children squatted around upon the floor, or were seated on low benches. They they advanced to spelling and finally to reading connected passages. At first they received little scrolls or strips containing selections from the law. Their primer comprised the Shema, or

daily prayer of the Israelite, consisting of about 18 verses of Holy Writ; then also the Hallel Psalms, i. e., Ps. 113-118, which were recited at the Paschal festival; also the narratives of the creation and the flood; concluding with the first eight chapters of Leviticus. Having mastered the primer, the pupil proceeded to the study of the Thora or law, and devoted his first effort to Leviticus; passing then to the Prophets, which term included also the historical books from Joshua to Kings; last of all, followed the Hagiographa, or remaining books, such as Psalms, etc. This gradation is recalled in the Pirke Abboth, a collection of the savings of the oldest masters: "At five years of age he shall commence sacred studies, at ten he shall devote himself to the study of traditions, at thirteen he shall know and fulfill the commandments of Jehova, at fifteen he shall bring his studies to perfection."

Just give one thought to the matter of study covered by this course. It comprised the history of his nation to kindle his patriotism, profound and noble thoughts to train his mind Godward, purest ethics, outbursts of finest eloquence, and some of the sublimest poetry to which genius can aspire. Compare this with the polluted philosophy and tainted morality offered to their young by the most cultured nations of the time and we must admit that the Jewish boy received the best of his age.

This schooling was secured by discipline, at once wise and temperate. The teacher was warned not to show any preference for one child above another. He should never discourage any child. He should remember that patience is the first virtue of a teacher. If a child should not grasp a point when first proposed he should repeat it more clearly, if possible. In former time we read that to spare the rod would spoil the child; now we read that the teacher should not use the rod but resort to the strap which is more flexible and less liable to damage limbs. In the hotter seasons class hours were interrupted from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. During the months of June and July only two hours were required for class-work, and within this period the teacher durst not chastise his pupils at all. The morality of the school was carefully guarded. The teacher was especially cautioned to counteract and nullify as much as possible the influence of evil example and companionship.

And practically too. The Jewish boy was not only educated to right knowledge, but also trained to right action. First of all by examples.

We all acknowledge the force of example. The very first result of his course of studies was to fill the boy's mind with a long series of most striking examples in every virtue. These were indelibly impressed on his memory by dint of that constant repetition which formed the essence of their instruction. Every age held out to him the model for some virtue, from the solitary holiness of Noe who stood alone in an age of universal corruption, the heroic majesty of Abraham's faith, the self-sacrificing obedience of Isaac, the fire-tried chastity of Joseph, even unto the boy-heroes of the Maccabean days. Examples such as these would enthuse the mind and heart, and strengthen the secret springs of action, but this was not enough. The boy was also trained to keep the law in act. The principle seems to have come into vogue that it would profit a child to bear the yoke of the law from his earliest years. Consequently children were induced to keep the law even before reaching the age when really bound to it. The veriest child was trained to observe the Sabbath. The Talmud furnishes this advice: "Children are not bound to fast on the day of Atonement, nevertheless they should be accustomed to it from the age of one or two years, so as to acquire the habit of obedience to religious commands". Further on in the explanations appended to this counsel we read: "When the child is eight or nine years old it may be accustomed to fast some hours. When it becomes ten or eleven years old, it may be made to fast the whole day". Boys had to come to the temple for the great feast, and how early? The Talmud will tell us: "All are bound to appear, except a deaf man, a fool, a minor, the lame, the blind, the sick, the old, and he who is not able to go on his feet." But what is meant by a minor? The school of Schammai decides: every child unable to ride upon his father's shoulder and thus go up from Jerusalem to the temple. But the school of Hillel pronounces: every child that is unable to take hold of his father's hand and so go up from Jerusalem to the hill of the temple. All this points to a very early age; surely long before the age required by law: when signs of manhood appear, or about the thirteenth year.

Thus is realized the boast of Josephus who sets the wisdom of Moses above that of the other lawgivers of ancient times. Wiser than the Spartans for they laid nearly all stress upon mere practice. Wiser than the Athenians for they were content with instruction alone. But Moses introduced a healthy combination of both.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"How are you, Father Casey. Taking a nap?"

The roar of that stentorian voice would well-nigh have awakened the good Priest had he even been taking his last long sleep.

"Do you know, Father, that this train is late? It doesn't carry a diner; we don't stop for meals until we get to Riverside, fifty miles from here, and it is past twelve right now. I'm starving, that's all about it. This gets on my nerves. If I don't find a good-natured man to talk to, I'll go mad. That is why I woke you up, Father Casey. You must have been out late last night, to sleep so soundly on this miserable train."

"Yes, John, I was called out last night a little after midnight to a wild young scapegrace, who was carried in to his mother with a bullet in his left lung. He was perfectly conscious, and perfectly able to receive the Sacraments, but the case was so pitiful that I remained there until almost morning."

"Sacraments," growled the well groomed but hungry man. "Almighty God does not want any such tomfoolery as that. You Catholics make me tired."

"No, John, you are not tired. You are just hungry, that is all that is the matter with you. And as to whether or not Almighty God wants the Sacraments, I suppose He Himself would be the best one to give us information on that subject."

"I suppose He would—here is this confounded train stopping again."

"And in fact He has told us a great many things in a long letter which He sent us, and which we call the Bible. I think you always told me that you believe the Bible to be the word of God."

"Yes, I surely believe that."

"Well, then, to begin with the Bible—"

"No, don't begin with anything! Father Casey, you have a brain as bright as an arc light. You proved all these things to me from the Bible, and from history, and from the belief of the early Christians, and so forth—you proved all that when you were giving me a few pointers on Catholic doctrine before I married that little Catholic wife of mine. Ha, she thought she would turn me into a pillar of the Church in a week; but, upon my word, I believe she will soon be as indifferent about these things as I am myself. Your arguments are all right, Father, but

why should Almighty God want you to pour water on a baby in Baptism, or rub oil on a person in Confirmation or Extreme Unction? He can give us the same grace without going through these ceremonies, and so I don't believe He wants them."

And John Stone leaned back against the cushioned seat, and every line of his features told plainly that he was contented with himself and contented with his business and contented with his money and contented with all the creature comforts that money could buy, and he was determined that no disturbing thoughts of supernatural duties should break in upon that contentment, even if he had to close his eyes to the clearest proofs of reason in order to keep them out.

All went well until a half hour later when they were side-tracked to await a west-bound express.

"Well, isn't that the limit? I'll never ride on this train again if I have to walk. I wonder if they think that we are like crocodiles—ate enough at our last meal to do us for a week."

Amused at the incessantly recurring question of dinner, Father Casey said:

"Isn't it a pity, John, that we must lose so much of our valuable time at the constantly recurring task of disposing of our three meals a day? Almighty God could just as well renew our strength without the formality of eating; He could create us immediately as full-grown men without the formality of growing up; He could cure us immediately without the formality of doctors and health resorts. Isn't it a pity he doesn't do so?"

"Not on your life, Father! We are not ghosts, immaterial beings, as you would say. We have bodies with eyes and ears and hands, and we like Almighty God to attach some formalities to what He does for us so that we can see and hear and feel what is going on. He knows this, and He is good enough to act accordingly."

"John Stone, out of your own mouth you stand condemned," laughed Father Casey. "It is precisely because Almighty God understands the need that we poor human beings have of formalities that He has deigned to institute the Sacraments. He could, if He wished, give us the same graces without the pouring of water in Baptism or the anointing with oil in Confirmation and Extreme Unction, but He knows that we like to see and hear and feel what is going on, and He is good enough to act accordingly. The supernatural life is very much like the natural life. Just as Almighty God has decreed that we should enter

this natural life by birth, so too He has decreed that we should enter the supernatural life by the sacrament of *Baptism*, which we call the sacrament of regeneration, that is, second birth."

"In the natural life, the child that is born into the world a weak, helpless infant, must go through the process of growing up before it develops into a perfect man. In the spiritual life, after having been made a child of God in Baptism, one is made a strong and perfect Christian and a Soldier of Jesus Christ, in other words, a spiritual 'grown-up,' by the sacrament of *Confirmation*."

"In the natural life, in order to keep our body strong and vigorous and capable of performing the labor allotted to it, we must go through the process of eating three meals a day."

"Of that fact I am painfully aware," muttered John, in parenthesis.

"So too in the supernatural life, we must feed on supernatural food in the sacrament of *Holy Eucharist*. Here the soul is nourished by the very Body and Blood of the Son of God. This divine food makes the soul strong and vigorous, able to resist temptations, as the healthy body resists disease, capable of performing extraordinary labors for heaven and God."

"In the natural life sickness and injuries sometimes threaten the body with death. Then it is that medicine and healing remedies are needed to restore the body to health; and rest, travel, a special course of diet, or a change in occupation, is required before all the evil effects of the disease will be removed. In the supernatural life, the soul, sick and wounded from sin, will be saved from eternal death by the sacrament of *Confession*, which restores it to health, and it will be freed from the slow poison and weakness, resultant from sin, by the sacrament of *Extreme Unction*. The wound, the sickness, of the soul, is sin; that sickness is cured, that sin is forgiven, by the worthy reception of the sacrament of *Confession*. But even after forgiveness, the soul is not the same as it was before it committed the sin, just as one who has recovered from typhoid is seldom the same as he was before the disease attacked him. Some of the evil effects that remain after the sin has been forgiven are: indolence and difficulty in the pursuit of virtue, remorse and disturbance of conscience, inordinate fear of death, depression under bodily ailments and afflictions. These evil effects are felt with especial keenness, and prove especially dangerous, at the hour of death. And it is therefore at the hour of death that the sacrament of *Extreme Unction* is received to remove these evil effects.

"If this world were one big island, and there were only one man, a sort of Robinson Crusoe, to inhabit it, then these five sacraments would be enough. But we are social beings, we have to live with others of our kind. By reason of this fact we have special obligations and therefore stand in need of special helps. In the natural life, certain men must be set up to rule the others, otherwise we would have but confusion and anarchy. This is done by the process of election, inauguration, coronation, and the like. In spiritual affairs, certain men are given the supernatural grace to rule others by the sacrament of *Holy Orders*.

"This world is but a place of pilgrimage, we have here no lasting habitation. Men are continually passing from this world to the next at the rate of several thousand a minute. God's wish of keeping this world inhabited would not be realized had He not provided for some way of propagating the human race. He has provided for this by the natural contract of marriage. But He has a higher object in view. He wishes to prepare immortal souls for the life to come. He has provided for this by raising the natural contract of marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, the sacrament of *Matrimony*. In this sacrament a Christian man and woman are made husband and wife, and given special assistance from on high to train their children for heaven by word and example, and to bring them up in the holy love and fear of God. So, John," concluded the Priest with a smile, "you see that Almighty God understands our poor human nature pretty well after all, and that in instituting the sacraments, He acted almost as wisely as you would have done yourself."

"River-er-side, Riv-er-side," shouted the conductor. "Twenty minutes for dinner."

"Well, the impossible has happened! It has come at last!" cried John Stone; adding: "Just when we were in the last throes of starvation."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

And let us own, the sharpest smart,
Which human patience can endure,
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure.

—Coventry Patmore.

WILLIE'S REVENGE

For a whole week I was in the dumps. The Missionary had gone to Madison to preach a sermon for a sacerdotal friend, and Father Johnson had gotten interested in a course of lectures on Socialism at the Catholic Summer School on Lake Oconomowoc. So I spent my time mostly in the little yellow boat; at times musing in some shaded spot, again bending to the oars, or paddling along the shore studying nature in her various manifestations. But, at last, we were together again, and the Missionary took up the thread of his story.

"Why its just like 'to be continued in our next,' isn't it?" said Father Johnson. "I'm all expectation. I'm just like Vesuvius, bubbling with excitement. Did Karl die? And what became of the canary bird? Did the house burn down?"

"Say, Father Johnson," said the Missionary, looking at him right hard, "do you take me for an intellectual acrobat? Wait till I get up steam, will you, and I'll answer all those questions. 'Festina lente', that's my motto. We Americans do everything too fast. We go too fast, that's why we get killed in our automobiles. We study too fast, that's the reason why we know nothing. We eat too fast, that's why we are a nation of dyspeptics. Just a little patience and I'll tell you all about it," and the Missionary settled himself on a fine clump of grass, and, surrounded by a little forest of bamboo on the hill-side, with his white hair, made a charming picture for us to look at.

I.

When Karl awoke to consciousness, Marguerite was bending over him, wringing her hands, not for the canary this time, but for him.

"O Karl, my son, my son! Dead, and for a canary bird!"

But when she saw him open his eyes she began to scold.

"What ever possessed you to do such a thing? Risk your life for a canary? O, Karl, Karl, what a foolish boy!"

But Dr. Mudd now arrived on the scene and broke in on her Jeremiad. He opened his alligator case and displayed a formidable array of bottles and fearful looking instruments which caused Marguerite to break out into redoubled lamentations. Just then the ambulance from the Sisters' Infirmary on Broad St., dashed up and two attendants, with a medical student, brought a stretcher which they slipped under Karl, and he was in the ambulance in a jiffy, with the student

at his head looking down upon him like a gargoyle, and Dr. Mudd, with his alligator case, in the rear. They now reached the Infirmary, into the elevator, up to the operating room, where Dr. Mudd stripped him and found five fractures—the left collar-bone, one in the right arm, and three ribs in the right side.

"You may thank your stars," said Dr. Mudd, "that you didn't break your neck, for your neck and shoulder are badly bruised."

"Well, if that's what I'm to thank," rejoined Karl, "I thank them. When will I be out of this?"

"O, in about a month," said the doctor.

Karl groaned.

"The idea of remaining a whole month cooped up like a chicken!"

"Well, now," said the doctor, "we must fix up these bones. You're a strong athlete, you don't need an anesthetic. That's only for women and children. Just grin and bear it."

The doctor set to work with a vengeance, assisted by the gargoyle, while Karl set his teeth, but his lips perceptibly whitened. When it was over, the doctor laid his hand on Karl's forehead.

"You bore it bravely, young fellow. You're game," he said. "Your fine physique helped you through. Not even a whimper out of you. Now keep perfectly quiet. Don't laugh, or sneeze, or cough, else you may undo my work. You may smile, though, and look cheerful. In a month you'll be as good as new," and the doctor departed.

This was the signal for Marguerite's entrance with Sister Winifrede, who had charge of the ward. Marguerite's face showed traces of tears.

"O, I'm glad it's over," she said, "I've been on tenter-hooks out there." And she bent over and kissed him on the forehead. "And all for a canary bird."

"No, mother," said Karl, smiling a little sadly, "it was all for you."

"For me!" and she beamed upon him. "For me! Old women sometimes get silly, too. The idea of losing my boy for a canary bird!"

"And he not even baptized," she said to herself. She paled at the thought. Sister Winifrede laughed a cheery little rippling laugh.

"Now," she said, "we must get you down to your room."

She pressed a button, and in a moment, the same two attendants came and rolled Karl to the elevator. All went down together, and Karl was soon in his bed as snug as a bug in a rug. Miss Queen, his trained nurse, was brought in, and introduced, a tall, slender, severe-

looking person in a white apron over her dark blue skirt, and a little fluffy-looking fly-catcher on top of her head about the size of a large cup.

"Now mind, Miss Queen," said Sister Winifrede, giving her directions. "You mustn't make him laugh, sneeze, or cough."

"I won't, Sister," she snapped.

Karl looked at her.

"I don't believe you will, either," he said to himself.

Marguerite was then left alone with Karl, and they talked over some business matters. The head clerk was to come in the morning for instructions, and work on the house was to begin at once.

"I'm sorry, mother, I can't be there to superintend it."

"Oh! it was built without you, and I reckon I can see to it," was Marguerite's answer.

Just then Sister Winifrede and Miss Queen came in and Marguerite, hurriedly bending down, kissed Karl's forehead and started for the door.

"I like the room, Sister," she said. "It looks south, it's nice and large, and it's thirty-seven."

"Thirty-seven!" exclaimed Sister Winifrede.

"Yes, lucky numbers," smiled Marguerite. "Three, you know, is the Most Holy Trinity, and seven is a Bible number, seven sacraments, seven branched candlestick, and a whole lot of other things."

"Well, did you ever?" said the Sister. And there was even a ripple on the placid surface of Miss Queen's face.

"Auf wiedersehen," said Marguerite, as she waved her hand. "I'll offer my Communion for you in the morning."

That even late, who should come but Father Horrell. Father Horrell and Karl had just barely met before this. Marguerite was a little wary about bringing him to the house, as she didn't want to flush the quarry before the time.

"I just thought I'd drop in and offer my condolences, on my way out," said Father Horrell. "I was up stairs visiting one of my patients," and he gave Karl a sweet, friendly smile, which immediately broke the ice. He remained chatting with Karl for fifteen or twenty minutes.

"What are you going to do with the house? Is it much damaged?" he asked.

"Not very much," answered Karl, "about a thousand dollars' worth,

but the insurance entirely covers that. But we've decided, mother and I, to build an addition. I expect the architect, Mr. Wonderly, after supper."

When Father Horrell rose to go Karl pressed him to call again.

"You know, Father, how lonesome a fellow gets with no one but women around."

Father Horrell smiled and pressed the left hand which Karl extended from under the counterpane. Ah! Karl, you're like Brer Rabbit and the tar baby Brer Fox set, every move sticks you tighter.

After supper came Mr. Wonderly, and Karl, though very sore, told him what he wanted. Mr. Wonderly promised to begin work next day and push it right along. Marguerite couldn't understand why Karl wanted an addition to the house.

"Goodness alive!" she ejaculated to herself. "I have two rooms, Karl has two, dining room and kitchen, parlor and library, and now he wants two large bedrooms upstairs and a double drawing-room downstairs, with a spacious verandah on both floors all along the south and east sides of the house. What in the world has got into the boy?" And Marguerite went home wondering.

Karl and Sister Winifrede were fast friends before he got to sleep that night. She had a winning personality, took the kindest interest in the patients, and seemed to blend the 'innocence of the dove' with the 'cunning of the serpent'. He even mellowed towards Miss Queen, who thawed out somewhat under the genial sunshine of Sister Winifrede's presence, until the last moment, when, on touching a button, one of the men attendants brought a curious-looking frame into the room. Sister Winifrede immediately departed, bowing to Karl with her blandest smile. Here's where Sister Winifrede showed the 'cunning of the serpent'.

"What's that?" said Karl.

"Why, that," replied Miss Queen, "that's a nice night-gown the doctor ordered for you."

The attendant grinned from ear to ear.

"Night-gown! That a night-gown? Potz tausend! That's a funny looking night-gown," and Karl glowered at the attendant.

"Yes," said Miss Queen, "that's a straight jacket the doctor says you must wear at night to keep you from tossing in your sleep and preventing those ribs from knitting. You know the first woman was made out of a rib, and they're precious material. Now, keep perfectly

quiet while John adjusts it," and she stood over him like a Jezabel and fixed him with her commanding eye.

Miss Queen had been a teacher and knew just how to manage rebellious youth. So Karl submitted, albeit with a bad grace, and when the light was lowered, dropped off to sleep with a scowl on his face, and dreamed of fires, and fire-bells, and canary birds. He awoke many times that night, but once, he said, positively, an immense yellow canary bird had him by the nose.

"Those dreams are curious phenomena," broke in Father Johnson. "I once dreamed I was a wheelbarrow, and a negro rolled me all round town with a bag of potatoes."

At that we all roared laughing.

"Well, I don't doubt, Father Johnson, that you've got wheels anyway," said the Missionary. After that night, things improved right along, and, true to the doctor's promise, a month found Karl 'as good as new'. Father Horrell had visited him a number of times, but Karl didn't broach religion, and neither did the priest. He was prudent and wise. You can't shove religion down a man's throat. But Jezabel came near making a 'faux pas' (that's French) one day. She fixed her grave eyes on Karl and said:

"You're a Catholic, I presume, Mr. Schneiderhahn."

"No," responded Karl, "I'm not."

"But you ought to be one," she followed up.

"I didn't come here to get religion," said Karl, reddening, "I came to get cured."

"Oh!" said Miss Queen, and that ended it.

Of course Marguerite all but lived at the Infirmary, and there wasn't a day that she didn't make some delicacy or other. Grace came over a few times to help her—and Willie, too, was on hand, quite often, especially if there were any stray cakes, or muffins, or blanc mange, or any other old thing in the eating line. But he really did make himself quite useful, the more so, as Marguerite had given him permission to shoot birds in the laurel trees, and set traps for the red gross-beaks in the orchard. Marguerite tried to persuade Grace to go with her to the Infirmary, but without success. Grace had a very high idea of the proprieties and a certain instinct told her not to go. That was the result of a superior education, the home training of a good mother. Nothing can supply that.

At last, just twenty-eight days after the fire, Dr. Mudd gave Karl

his dismissal. Marguerite came for him in an auto and they took a whirl around town on the way home. They had to stop many times, especially down town, for Karl to shake hands with his legion of friends. At one place, about twenty of the Turners got around the auto and there was a general rejoicing. At last they reached the house and alighted. Ah! that was a joy to get home again, and a greater joy to behold the house in its splendid transformation. Mr. Wonderly had made good, and the house was a beauty to see. It had originally been built in modified Colonial style, with a noble entrance porch of white pillars. But the elegant addition to the east end, with the two-story verandah running along the south and east sides, overlooking the orchard and the east lawn, put it into the very best class of Pulaski residences. Karl was delighted; so was Marguerite, and little Willie hadn't let a day go by without inspecting all that the workmen had accomplished. In fact, so democratic was he, that he even, one day, helped one of the workmen out with his lunch.

II.

Karl immediately set to work to furnish the addition. Marguerite had, at various times, become possessed of some rare and valuable furniture in walnut and mahogany. These were scattered in the several rooms and were not disturbed. The drawing-room was eighteen feet by forty, divided into two, by a large folding door. Conspicuous was a magnificent Steinway Grand, Marguerite's gift to Karl, as she said, 'for getting well'. The rooms presented a beautiful appearance with a combination of Chippendale and Sheraton designs. Two very handsome chandeliers furnished light. Karl's old piano, to which he was much attached, still a very good one, was left in the old parlor, which now served him as a kind of den. Here hung his favorite pictures, not of the highest style of art, I must confess, but not bad or demoralizing—just of the earth earthy. On several whatnots there were arranged a multitudinous variety of curios, picked up at different times and in various places. I remember, among many other things, the skull of a grizzly bear tacked up, the articulated skeleton of a copper-head moccasin Karl had killed on one of his Sunday hunts, a large raccoon skin, and a very fine oriental pipe with a curiously carved bowl, cabalistic, which a friend had sent him from Constantinople. There were several large easy chairs, and a lounge, covered with a rich and gaudy Navajo blanket. In this den he sometimes entertained some choice spirits with music and song, smoke and champagne. But the guests could always

find their way home, and Karl invariably got to bed without assistance. Naturally, the day after Karl's return home was spent at the store. And on his way, that Tuesday morning, who should be out in the front garden working at two fine specimens of *Magnolia fuscata*, but Grace herself. Of course she congratulated him on his recovery, and he apologized for not keeping his engagement.

"But you may expect me tomorrow evening," said Karl, on leaving, "to fulfill a long-deferred engagement."

Mr. Snyder, the head clerk, was a methodical business man, and Karl found everything about the store in apple-pie order. But, still, there were many things that needed the eye of the master, and Karl put in a busy day.

That evening Karl came home an hour earlier than usual. He went immediately to his room, pitched on a loose house coat, and in a few minutes Marguerite heard him in his den, at the old piano, running major and minor scales, playing appoggiaturas, turns, end shakes in every key on the piano, which had not even been opened for months.

"Well, did you ever!" said Marguerite to herself, as she bustled around the kitchen. "Whatever has got into the boy."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Father Johnson. "I think I could tell her what had got into him. Isn't it wonderful how obtuse mothers are sometimes."

"After supper," continued the Missionary, "Karl went up again and rescued his violin from innocuous desuetude, hauling it out of the upper part of his wardrobe. He found it in bad shape. It had been there now for over a year, untouched. When he came down stairs Marguerite was awaiting him.

"I thought I heard you playing a while ago," said Marguerite.

"Yes," replied Karl, "I just wanted to see whether I *could* play or not, after those breaks."

"Come, now," said Marguerite, "and play for your mother. It reminds me of old times when your father used to play and sing. I want to hear 'Die wacht am Rhine' and 'Die Kapelle.'"

Karl immediately complied, and mother and son passed a musical evening, the first for a long time. The chandeliers which hung above **their heads seemed to wink and blink with satisfaction** and to say:

"Well, this looks something like something, to see Karl playing for his mother."

The next morning Karl took his violin to the store and before even-

ing had it rehabilitated. He practised another hour that evening before supper, sang through some of his songs (he possessed a splendid baritone) and after supper spent another hour at his toilet. What vain creatures men are! When he appeared down stairs at eight in a Tuxedo and patent leathers, Marguerite exclaimed:

"Well, where's my Karl going tonight?"

"O, I promised Miss Grace to go over and hear her sing."

"What! and leave me here alone?"

"Come along, then," said Karl.

"I will."

In five minutes Marguerite was ready and at a quarter past eight the door bell rang at the Maloney residence. They were ushered into the parlor which was ablaze with light, and found some company already there, Mr. and Mrs. Murphries and their daughter, Isabella. Later two young gentlemen dropped in, and right after them Mr. Boland and his wife. Mr. Boland was the President of the Married Men's Sodality and a bosom friend of Mr. Maloney and Mrs. Boland was quite prominent in Catholic circles. Introductions followed and they found themselves immediately at ease. The greetings were so hearty and sincere and there was such cordiality one could see at a glance that it was no veneer of mere politeness. It was the genuine article that springs from real religion, the beautiful flowering of true charity.

"A thing that's too much lacking," muttered Father Johnson, *sotto voce*.

Karl always looked back to this as one of the red letter days of his life. Grace was at her best. She was dressed simply, but with perfect taste, as were the other girls, Anne and Catherine. The conversation was general and animated. Mr. Maloney, though not a college bred man, was an omnivorous reader of the best. His mind was a perfect store-house of information, and he was a delightful conversationalist. Mr. Murphries was noted as a local *raconteur*, and was sought for on all occasions. Mr. Boland had a slight hesitation in his speech, but it made his stories all the more delicious, and he wasn't a bit sensitive about it. Thus one hour sped by on wings. The ladies, too, had their share in the conversation and Karl narrated one or two of his hunting adventures. Willie was curled up Turk-fashion on a small sofa in the corner. But his eyes and ears were wide open, and he simply *couldn't* get his eyes off Karl's patent leathers. At last music was proposed.

Catherine, now sixteen and still a pupil of Sister Annunciata at school, led off with a piano solo which was skillfully rendered. Grace had taken her regular singing lesson that morning and when the hour was over she motioned Prof. Gugliano to a seat.

"Tell me what you think of this," she said.

Seating herself at the piano she sang "Annie Laurie" through. The professor sat twirling his mustache. When the last note sounded, the professor sprang to his feet.

"Mees Grace, eet ees pairfect, pairfect. I am proud of you."

Grace now went to the piano and she sang it with ever more feeling and tenderness. There was a storm of applause. Then Karl played a fine selection from Wagner. He studied Wagner a good deal. Considering what he had gone through for a month, he did splendidly. He responded with "The Bridge" when asked to sing. So the concert went on for an hour. At last some one exclaimed:

"Mr. Schneiderhahn, don't you play the violin? It's a pity you didn't bring it with you."

"Yes, yes," they all cried, "it's too bad."

"O," said Marguerite, "he wouldn't have far to go to get it."

"Do get it, by all means," said Grace.

Karl rose to go, when Willie popped out of his corner.

"Mr. Carl," he said, "I know a short cut to your home."

"Where?" said Karl.

"You can climb our back fence, where I go over."

"William Tecumseh Maloney!" cried his mother. "What notions you must have of propriety! The idea of a gentleman in evening dress climbing a back fence!"

There was a general laugh as Willie subsided into his corner. Karl soon returned with the violin and with Catherine accompanying on the piano played several beautiful selections. The one that seemed to please them most was Spies' "Elfin Dance". Miss Isabella was even induced to overcome her bashfulness and played Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and another selection on Karl's violin. At eleven o'clock the company broke up, and all departed pleased with themselves and with everybody else and vowing they had never passed a pleasanter evening. Willie got a curtain lecture from his mother before going to blanket street, and while it was being administered Mr. Maloney discreetly turned his head the other way and smiled. Karl became a regular visitor after that. Scarcely a week passed without seeing him there. He

became a general favorite with the members of the family. He met quite a number of prominent Catholics of Pulaski, and many invitations poured in to the various social functions.

There's no use in denying it. Karl was head over heels in love with Grace. Anybody could see that. Whenever her name was mentioned he waxed enthusiastic at once. Marguerite felt a slight tinge of jealousy, but deep down in her heart she was glad.

"But it takes two to make a bargain," she said to herself, "and he won't find it so easy to catch Grace. She's like a wren, so dainty and so quick."

Once or twice Marguerite tried to sound Grace, but she found her a sphinx. I think Grace herself felt that she was in a rather delicate position. Though nothing sentimental had occurred between them, and all Karl's visits had been in the presence of the whole family, still her woman's instinct told her that she had a white elephant on her hands, that Karl was deeply interested in her. Love's wireless telegraphy was at work and all the air was permeated with it.

"Yes, indeed," broke in Father Johnson, "they know it every time, these women."

"What do you know about it?" I said, "a youngster like you just out of the shell."

The missionary laughed, and before Father Johnson could get back, he continued:

"I don't believe Grace's heart was the least bit involved, but with Karl it was rapidly coming to the jumping-off place. And it happened in this wise.

November and December had crept away and now it was the week before Christmas. The Christmas spirit was in the air. Business in fancy groceries was rushing at the store and Karl and every clerk were busy day and night. Karl decided to bring things to a head on Sunday afternoon. After a deal of primping, and pruning, and rehearsing, he rang the Maloney door-bell about three P. M. Grace herself admitted him, and received him with her usual cordiality.

"O, Mr. Sneiderhahn, I'm so sorry. Everyone is gone but myself and Willie. They left us to keep house. And even he is out now in the yard with Carlo at some of his pranks."

"Yes, I thought so," interjected Father Johnson, "she had to let him know that. Artful enough!"

"O, Father Johnson, do be charitable," said the missionary. Karl's

heart gave a great leap. Matters were arranging themselves just to suit him.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Father Johnson.

Of course Willie didn't count. He was insignificant. Besides he was out playing with his dog. You could hear the two of them frolicking out on the grass. The coast was clear. Now or never. He could unburden himself without fear of interruption. The afternoon was warm and pleasant, the sun shining brightly, and Grace had raised one of the full-length windows opening on the front verandah and thrown back the shutters. There was a soft subdued light in the room. In the distance the sound of passing footsteps and the far away ringing of a church bell. After the customary commonplaces had been threshed out, and Grace had sung a new song she had gotten the day before, Karl suddenly said:

"Miss Grace, will you sit down there and listen. I have something very important to say."

Grace looked a little alarmed, just as an antelope throws up its head when it hears a noise.

"Ha, ha! well said. But she knew what was coming all the same," said Father Johnson. "But go on, we're listening."

"Then," continued the Missionary, "with a calm, deliberate, well worded speech, Karl stated his case. There were none of those things you read about in the novels—no sighs, no rolling of the eyes, nothing about flowers, nothing about a pain in the heart, no getting down on the knees—nothing like that at all—just a plain, unvarnished tale, as if he were sounding the praises of a new brand of canned tomatoes to one of his customers, but in earnest, dead earnest. As he proceeded Grace became more and more agitated; and when he had finished, she mastered herself for a moment, then replied in a firm, low voice:

"Mr. Schneiderhahn, I did not expect such a declaration this afternoon. I feel much honored and complimented by your preference, but I feel it my duty to tell you that I would not dream of marrying any one but a practical Catholic."

Just then there was a suppressed sneeze, and with a flaming countenance Grace darted behind the piano, collared Willie, and dragged that worthy, struggling and giggling, into the middle of the room.

"Willie Maloney, you'll hear from this," she hissed, and out into the hallway, while Karl stood like one petrified.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE—In the March Liguorian: "The Morning After."

JESUS IN NAZARETH

When St. Joseph returned from Egypt to Palestine, he learned that Archelaus was king of Judea in place of Herod his father. This distressed St. Joseph much and he feared to settle there. Happily an angel warned him in a dream and so he turned his steps northward into Galilee till he reached the city of Nazareth. Here he found a home in one of its poor little cottages.

Fortunate cottage, indeed, and worthy of all veneration. In such a mean abode the Incarnate God chose to pass his boyhood and youth. And now think you—what manner of life did He lead? To all outward seeming it was the life of the poorest, so poor as to be the despised of men, stooping to all the lowly chores of a village-boy. He shared the poverty of Mary and Joseph and in all things “was He subject to them”. What varied emotions must arise in a mind that reflects on the fact: here in this wretched hut the Son of God wished to live, and live there as a common servant! Just recall all the many tasks of a hired servant and then see how Our Lord welcomed each single one. Daily must he go to the well and fetch the water needed for the household. At morn he opens the workshop and at night he arranges all and locks the door. He must also sweep the floor and gather up the sawdust and shavings for the fire. As carpenter's apprentice he assists St. Joseph in his daily work. Perhaps it comes like a shock to our modern mind. Yet here is our God condescending to share and hallow our work, even the very lowest, such as sweeping the house, and all in the capacity of a mere hired-boy. Servile work indeed, but adorable when sanctified by the touch of Christ, our Lord and God. Our selfish minds scorn a life of retirement and hidden away from the sight and applause of men. But the preference which God has shown it, has thrown a halo of splendor about it. Thirty long years He devoted Himself to it, amid poverty and toil.

Now we understand, at least in part, the meaning of St. Paul when he describes Our Lord as “taking the form of a servant”. We read in history of St. Alexis, the son of a wealthy Roman nobleman. He resigned all his rich inheritance and after years of wandering abroad returned to his home unknown and spent his life there as a servant. We wonder at it all as a very miracle. He, a God, became the servant not only of His heavenly Father but even of His creatures. Not only did He become the servant of Mary and Joseph, holy and pious, but

even of Pilate who condemned Him to death, while Our Lord obeyed the sentence and bore His cross to Calvary. He became a servant to the executioners to whom He offered His body to be scourged, His head to be crowned with thorns, Himself to be crucified. In all things and to all He became obedient unto death.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

WORTHY WORK FOR ROYAL HANDS

Blessed Peter Canisius, the second Apostle of Germany, found time, in spite of his incessant preaching and catechising, to write a powerful book in defence of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. In order to make the very most of the few hours at his disposal, he would dictate, and a lay Brother would write the words dictated. One day when the Brother had finished a folio and had gone to bind it up and send it to the printer, the Father sat at his desk with his head buried in his hands planning the succeeding chapter. Soon the door opened, and some one entered the room.

"What," said Blessed Peter, thinking it was the lay Brother, "finished so soon? Then let us continue our work in God's holy name."

And without raising his head, he continued to dictate, while a rapid pen took down his words. After some time the Brother entered, and, dumbfounded at what he saw, cried out:

"O Father Peter, see whom you have for a copyist!"

Blessed Peter Canisius looked up and to his surprise and confusion beheld Duke William, heir to the throne of Bavaria, silently and humbly performing the office of a scribe. He had come to consult the Father on some weighty affair of the kingdom and had been mistaken for the lay Brother. Blessed Peter respectfully asked his pardon.

"There is no occasion for asking pardon," said the Duke. "I would gladly be your scribe in composing such a book for the glory of heaven's Queen. And, indeed, I shall always be thankful that I have had the privilege of helping, even this little, in so worthy a work."

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

—William Cullen Bryant.

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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CANDLEMAS DAY

"Go and be obedient, Helen. Maybe you'll need the candle yourself before the year is over."

These words ended a dispute between Helen Braid and her mother on the morning of Candlemas day. Helen did not want to go to Mass and her old widowed mother was unable to do so.

Helen was of that age when young girls usually begin to form ideas and plans as to their future life in the world. And what a picture of future happiness Helen Braid had painted to herself! How each day added a new and more brilliant color to that picture! What a grand blending there was of wealth, rank, peace, and love! And religion? Well—Helen never bothered about that. 'Twas a dark color and she didn't like it, and wherever it would force itself onto her picture she was accustomed to put it into some out-of-the-way corner. Thus it was that, when her mother told her to go to Mass on Candlemas day, Helen showed her insubordination. It was decidedly against her own will and only to please her mother that she at last consented.

It was a little country chapel. The custom among the people on this day was to place their candles—with their names attached—on a table just inside the altar railing; and come up for them when Mass was over and they were blessed.

During the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, Helen read the prayers in the prayer book. Before the end of Mass she searched through her book for the Gospel of that day—more out of curiosity than as an effect of her holiness. She read:

"And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon and this man was just and devout . . . and he came by the Spirit into the Temple. And when His parents brought in the child Jesus to do for Him according to the custom of the law, he also took Him into his hands and blessed God and said: 'Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

The Mass was over. The people went up for their candles. Helen went for her's. The gospel she had read had made an impression on

her; and in her heart she prayed that God would come to her when dying, that she would receive Him into her heart as Simeon had received Him into his hands. But she remembered—"and this man was just and devout." She promised amendment. She kept her promise.

Three weeks later Helen Braid was a victim of pneumonia, and by the strange providence of God she was the first one in the family to hold in her dying hand the candle which she had brought so reluctantly to be blessed. By the mercy of God, too, her prayer was heard and answered.

SWORE NEVER TO CONFESS THE SIN

In the year 1852 we were giving a mission in the town of W—. One day a feeble old man stood leaning on his cane before the confessional of one of the missionaries. His wrinkled face bore the marks of bitter and lasting pain. He asked in a trembling voice whether he could hope for help in his deep misfortune—whether there was any mercy for him. He then related how in early life he had committed a grievous sin with another person, and how they had both bound themselves by a solemn oath never to confess it. Therefore he had concealed that sin in all succeeding confessions, but from that time on he had never known a happy or peaceful moment. Years afterwards his companion in guilt had been carried off by a sudden death, but this warning from God had only hardened him the more. He had, however, been attending the holy mission, and the sermons had made such a deep impression upon him that he could conceal his guilt no longer. He must make his peace with God or he would be driven to distraction.

The missionary explained to the old man how the oath he had taken had no power to bind him. When we take a promissory oath we bind ourselves before God to do a certain thing. But we cannot, even though we try, bind ourselves before God to do something that is wrong. Therefore he was not bound by his oath to conceal his sin in confession, but rather he was bound to break this iniquitous and invalid oath and make a good confession. Then, assisted by the missionary, the old man examined his conscience to find the sins he had committed during the last sixty years, and confessed them with the deepest sorrow. When the confession was finished he thanked the Priest with tears in his eyes, and exclaimed: "I came here weighted down with a mill-stone,

and I return lighter and gayer than a youth of twenty. O father, tell all the world of the mercies of God even towards a hoary-headed sinner."

EMPTY BUNDLES

It was once granted to a pious hermit to behold in a dream a representation of the particular judgment. He seemed to be standing in a great hall in the center of which sat enthroned Jesus Christ, the eternal Judge. Before the throne stood an angel with a pair of balance scales in his hand. The human beings who had just died poured into the hall in a continuous stream, each bearing two bundles, one the good works he had performed, the other the evil deeds he had committed. The angel took each person's bundles and placed them opposite each other in the scales. The sentence of salvation or of damnation was accordingly pronounced upon each one accordingly as his bundle of good works or of evil deeds weighed the heavier. The good hermit was filled with sadness at seeing how many were condemned. Finally he was consoled by the sight of a woman who was approaching, for her bundle of good works was far larger than that of her sins. Imagine his surprise when the small bundle of sins easily outweighed her large bundle of good works, and she was accordingly condemned. The angel, noticing the surprise of the good hermit, opened the package of good works. It was filled with small packets, labelled: prayers, confessions, Communion, alms, pilgrimages, etc. At this the hermit's wonder grew all the greater. Then the angel said: "Open one of these packages, and examine it." He did so, and found that they were all empty. "All these good works," said the angel, "are empty and worthless, because she did not perform them out of love for God, but merely to satisfy her own pride, and to gain the esteem and praise of men."

A LAWYER'S BED

Some years ago there died in Paris a lawyer of strong faith and solid piety. For the love of God he had taken special care of the poor and abandoned—of widows and orphans. He defended their causes, humbled their unscrupulous adversaries, and thus dried many a tear and saved many a home. He invariably refused the money they offered him, and would accept nothing in return for his labor but a little bou-

quet, as a token of their gratitude. These bouquets he kept treasured up in his bedroom, and his last request was that they should be placed under him in his coffin. "On this bed, made of the thanks offerings of widows and orphans," he said, "I shall confidently await the resurrection from the dead."

ITS LACK CAN NEVER BE SUPPLIED

When Dom Pedro the Second, Emperor of Brazil, was dying, he asked the doctor who attended him: "Doctor, have you any children?" "Yes, I have six." "Then," said the Emperor, "I shall give you a word of advice. It is advice from a dying man who has learned its value from bitter experience. Give your children, first and foremost, a good religious education. In my own childhood, this was neglected, and I felt the loss during my whole life. I tried to supply it later on, but found the attempt very difficult."

WHAT BECOMES A WOMAN MOST

In the year 1880, a large Catholic Congress was held at Aix-la-Chapelle. The leading spirit of the Congress was the celebrated leader of the Centre Party, Windhorst. Many noble ladies, who attended the Convention, begged Windhorst for his photograph; they said that they would deem themselves flattered, highly honored, if he would accept their own in return, and further declared that they would have it taken in any setting that he might prefer.

In a public speech, the great leader said: "It will be a pleasure to me to accept the photographs of these ladies, and to give mine in return. Since they desire to know what I consider the most becoming way in which these pictures should be taken, I would say: Let those ladies, who are mothers, have themselves photographed, catechism in hand, teaching their children the truths of their holy religion. Those who have not yet entered the married state, I should like to see photographed with the beads in their hand, to show that they wish to lead a truly Catholic life."

We are commanded to beware of idle speaking; beware we also of things which foster it—idle hearing and idle seeing, and knowledge of idle things.

—Pusey.

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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MY FATHER'S HOUSE

I sat in my Father's house. O! it is beautiful beyond compare—marble and bronze and polished oak; oriental carpets, luxurious furniture, matchless paintings—never did royal palace equal the beauty and magnificence of my Father's house. I sat with closed eyes, half buried in the depths of a massive arm-chair, and, O! I was so happy to be there. Night had come down upon the land. I was awaiting the visit of a friend. Soon I heard his footsteps upon the walk. Without opening my eyes I called: "Here I am. Come." He entered. It was his first visit to my Father's house. I thought within myself: "He must be simply enraptured with the beauty he beholds." "Tell me," I cried, anxious to hear his words of praise, "have you ever entered a palace that compares with this?" "A palace," he retorted in a voice of rage, "I am in a den of beasts, a robbers' cave." Then for the first time I opened my eyes and realized that he was in utter darkness, and had no means of judging where he stood, except for the fact that in the darkness he had received a gash from the rich chandelier, a severe blow from contact with a marble bust, and had been finally thrown to the floor by striking his foot against the tufted carpet.

My Father's house is the one true Church. And he who comes to examine it in the darkness of unbelief, often finds in its most ennobling doctrines and most beautiful practices, obstacles to wound his sense of right and justice, and stumbling blocks of scandal in his path. Pray that my Father may flood the stranger with the bright light of faith that he may see the beauty of the house.

GIVE THEM MORE TAPE

"Too much red tape about getting married in the Catholic Church! Calling out, and writing for Baptismal certificates, and getting dispensations. . . . !!"

How often, during the course of our ministerial labors, have we not been obliged to defend our common Mother the Church, against this objection coming from critical Catholics. Let them listen to this:

In a little Maryland town called Rockville the conservative Protestants are raging because they cannot stop their Ministers from marrying elopers. The ministers brought this thunderbolt down upon their own heads when they boasted that, during the year 1913, they had married 265 runaway couples. One of the Ministers, the one styled "Rockville's prize marrying Parson", carried off first honors by tying 155 of these hurried knots. Methinks the decent and respectable Protestants of Rockville who feel so mortified over this scandal would gladly see a little more red tape about the marriage laws of their church.

EIGHTY-THREE DIVORCES IN TWO DAYS

News comes from Kansas City that six judges of the circuit court there have recently granted eighty-three divorces in two days. When this legalized prostitution reaches the extreme limit perhaps the public conscience will at last be aroused.

A TORPEDO FOR MRS. JONES

'Tis a thankless task, this thing of calling year after year on Mrs. Jones just before the opening of the new term and begging her to send her children, at least this year, to her own parish school.

"I should gladly do so, Reverend Father, (the sublimity of her politeness is awe-inspiring) but my children will have to work for a living when they grow up, and they acquire the knowledge requisite for the business world much better in the public school where there is no time lost with Catechism and Bible History and the like."

The Chicago daily press for Jan. 1 contains a number of letters from prominent business men stating that their daily experience proves that the graduates from the public high schools cannot read and write correctly, that ninety per cent of them are unfit for office work, and so forth. And it furthermore states that the Swift Packing Company has started a school to teach the public high school graduates in their employ the spelling, arithmetic, and geography absolutely necessary for their work. And the daily press of Jan. 3 gave specimens of the ignorance displayed by high school graduates in answering examination questions. "Who is Lafayette?" "The discoverer of the river which

bears his name." "Who is Garibaldi?" "A foreigner who founded a colony in the eastern part of North America."

I declare, the next time I call on Mrs. Jones, I will bring along copies of these papers and make her read them.

MOVING PICTURES

A financier, whose interests led him to study the statistics of the moving picture shows, says that 6,500,000 people see these shows daily.

It is clear that the great majority of these people are children. That means that several million of the children of this country are present at the moving picture shows every day. Continue to feed the hungry imaginations of millions of children daily with sensational, over-exciting, unreal, sentimental, suggestive, shows. Continue to crowd millions of children daily into dimly-lighted, ill-inspected halls where debauchery comes to take advantage of curious and unsuspecting innocence. Continue to do this, and, when the present generation grows up, tell me what will be the morality of this Christian land.

In the face of such danger, no law of film censorship, no law of hall surveillance, is too strict. And every voter has a duty before God to see that these laws are passed. But let us not stop at that. Let us throw all the weight of our influence into the scale to raise the tone of these performances. Let us make the moving picture shows in our Catholic halls models and incentives to the world in this regard, by the excellence of the performances which we give and the enthusiastic devotion with which we support them. The moving picture show has come to stay. It reaches the children of our land at the most susceptible period of their lives. It is a tremendous power for good or for evil. The Catholic people by their activity or their apathy can determine which it shall be. On them therefore rests the responsibility.

WHAT A SAINT SAYS OF MARY

"If we do not dare to ask Our Lord to forgive us, it will suffice to take refuge with Mary and be silent there, for she will speak and ask all that we require."

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER

A special dispatch from Linton, Indiana, says: "Edward Duncan, aged 42, today shot and killed his former wife, Lulu Taylor, and her present husband, Tillman Taylor, aged 38. The Duncans were divorced last week, and she married Taylor Saturday. Duncan went to the Taylor home and shot Taylor three times as he sat at dinner, killing him instantly. Mrs. Taylor ran from the house and was shot dead in her front yard. Duncan tried to commit suicide but was prevented by a policeman. He said he had come here to kill the couple and was glad he had succeeded."

This revolting scandal is but the natural consequence of the pagan law which authorizes divorce and remarriage. A serious meditation on such scandals (for they are frequent) should suffice to dry all the crocodile tears shed over the unhappy fate of Catholics who "are forced by the cruel laws of the church of Rome to spend their lives bound to an uncongenial spouse or end their days in obligatory celibacy."

"TANGO HAS COME TO STAY"

"You may as well stop fighting the Tango; it has come to stay."

Perhaps it has come to stay; but so too have pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. And, nevertheless, so long as we hold a commission, as Priests of God, to defend pure morality, we shall continue to fight them.

BLESSING OF THROATS

Feb. 3 Catholics flock to the church to have their throats blessed with the beautiful blessing of St. Blase. When we think of how many throats are used to swallow down intoxicating drinks until reason is lost, wife and children heart-broken, and home destroyed—when we think of how many throats are abused to vomit forth calumny, blasphemy, and filthy language, even in the presence of the pure and innocent, we are inclined to ask if the greatest blessing St. Blase could bestow upon such throats would not be to stop them up forever.

CARDINAL SARTO AGENT FOR CATHOLIC PAPER

How many Catholic families can you count in your own neighborhood that are going to spiritual ruin? The father and mother are losing the faith; the younger children are losing their innocence; the older sons and daughters are throwing self-respect and morality to the wind. You have enough love of God and charity for your neighbor to feel deep sorrow at such sights. Perhaps sometimes you regret that God has destined you to be an ordinary layman or laywoman. You wish that He had decreed to make you a great preacher with the pulpits of the city open to you. You feel that you would gladly sacrifice your life in working to save the thousands who, through ignorance or thoughtlessness, are casting themselves into hell, and dragging other thousands along with them in their ruin.

Listen to an eloquent fact. While our present Holy Father, Pius X., was still Patriarch of Venice, he had all these things that you desire: the teaching authority of the Priesthood, eloquence, popularity, and access to a thousand pulpits. He had further all your deep pity for the souls that were daily bringing upon themselves eternal damnation, and he had, what perhaps you have not, a thorough understanding of the most effectual means of averting the general ruin. He, Archbishop, Cardinal, Patriarch, though he was, many a time left the important work in the church or pulpit in order to perform a work which he considered even more urgent and important—to go from door to door soliciting subscriptions for Catholic periodicals.

Catholic reader, if your regret for the loss of souls is genuine, this incident contains a practical lesson for you.

AN HEROIC SACRIFICE

When did it take place? Only yesterday. Where? In one hundred thousand Christian homes, the world over. A care-worn, sick woman suffered from morning till night, without one thought of self, to bring comfort and happiness to the husband to whom she had sworn undying fidelity, and to the children whom God had committed to her care. And, what is more, she did this knowing well that she would

never receive a word of praise from the world or a word of thanks from those for whom she was sacrificing her life.

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION

Catholics pay their full share of taxes for the support of our public libraries, and sometimes they are not represented there by Catholic books. Where this is the case there is no one to blame but themselves.

A crowd of gay and care-free Catholic young men had a serious moment one evening over their game of cards. They said: We are spending all our money for pleasure; let us spend a little of it to do good. They consulted the Pastor. The result was that they bought a supply of Catholic books, and placed them in the public library. In another city, the law requires that the city librarian buy a book for the library when at least five persons ask for it. Whenever a thoroughly good and useful Catholic book is published, the Parish Priest announces the fact to the young ladies' sodality, and they see that the book is installed. These are simple and easy things, but the good effected thereby will be seen only on the day of judgment.

GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY

The go-to-church Sunday is the latest. The idea is to get every man, woman, and child, of every denomination and no denomination, to go to church at least one Sunday, for the very novelty of the experience if for nothing else. Since so much good will in such a praiseworthy direction is evinced, what a pity that they have no church to go to. Non-Catholics have torn down the altar of sacrifice, excluded Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, in fact, removed everything from their churches that could make them churches. They may still be lecture halls, social centres, charity offices, reading rooms, or even (as some of the Ministers proclaim) sparking parlors. But they are not churches. Let us pray and work for the day when non-Catholics will make their edifices real churches by bringing into them the religion of Jesus Christ, the unbloody Sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the Sacramental Presence of Jesus Christ. Then the millions of our honest-minded fellow countrymen who are seeking the light will not wait for a go-to-church Sunday to keep the Lord's day in the way which He Himself has decreed.

	Catholic Events	
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The students of Trinity College, a Catholic institute for girls in the city of Washington, have issued a public statement naming thirty-six "immodest theatrical performances," with the declaration that any playhouse showing them would be denied the students' patronage for at least one season. If more of our young women would follow this example some of the filth would be cleared from the American stage.

* * *

The Knights of Columbus are, as usual, on hand with practical proofs of their loyalty to the Church. They have planned a lecture bureau which will place able Catholic laymen on the platform to fight the good fight in all parts of the country. The Clergy will welcome this new and efficient support.

* * *

In a recent wreck on the Colorado and Southern Railroad, the engineer, James Duffy, was pinned under the engine and there slowly scalded. Father Bernard Naughton of Central city hurried to the spot. "Keep away, Father," they cried, "the engine may topple over at any moment and crush you." "Don't mind me," said the Priest, "my duty is under the engine." And he crawled beneath the toppling engine and administered the last Sacraments to the dying man.

* * *

The Catholic Order of Foresters started from humble beginnings thirty-one years ago. It now exists in twenty-eight states of the Union and seven provinces in Canada. It has nearly 10,000 members in good standing, and has paid out over twenty-million dollars in insurance, sick, and funeral benefits.

* * *

Bishop Koudelka, of Superior diocese, has just ordained an Indian, Rev. Philip Gordon (Ti-bish-ko-gi-jik). Father Gordon is the first Indian Priest ordained in the United States.

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The daily press of Jan. 16th reports that Cardinal Basilio Pompili, Vicar General of Rome, representing the Pope, has issued a pastoral letter containing among other things the following: "The tango which has already been condemned by illustrious Bishops, and is prohibited even in Protestant countries, must be absolutely prohibited in the seat of the Roman Pontiff, the center of the Roman Catholic religion."

* * *

The Austro-Hungarian government is issuing a postage stamp bearing the likeness of Pope Pius X. The scene represents the Holy Father crowning Emperor Francis Joseph.

Reports from Rome say that the Holy Father is enjoying perfect health, and that on New Year's Day he received, as usual, the diplomatic corps. This diplomatic corps consists of the official representatives whom many governments send to the Pope.

* * *

One of the resolutions passed by the German Bishops in the conference of Fulda was a condemnation of the present day fashions for women. They urged the Catholic women to unite in a crusade against this, to use their own words, "disgraceful aberration."

* * *

Thomas Cruse, of Helena, Montana, gave his Bishop a Christmas present of 100,000 dollars for the completion of the cathedral. This makes a total of 180,000 dollars which Mr. Cruse has contributed for the cathedral.

* * *

The hospital Sisters were driven out of France as enemies of the country, but now there is a universal demand for their return. The grave scandals given in many places by the atheistic nurses who took their place have intensified the demand. In the city of Toulouse fifty-two physicians have threatened to go on a strike unless the Sisters are returned.

* * *

The chapel of the state penitentiary at Fort Madison was the scene of a happy event on Christmas morning. A number of convicts who had been received into the church by Father Zaiser received their First Holy Communion at the morning Mass.

* * *

The Chicago school board showed its good sense when, in a meeting held Jan. 7, it rejected the teaching of sex-hygiene in the public schools by a vote of 13 to 8.

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Catholics who contemplate moving to the country should look first and foremost to the facilities they and their families will have for practising their religion. Let them ask information on this important matter from "The Catholic Colonization Society," Temple Building, Chicago.

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Right Reverend Kozlowski, D. D., was consecrated Bishop in St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, Jan. 14. The newly consecrated Bishop was born at Tarnow, Galicia, Austrian Poland, Nov. 11, 1860. He attended the University of Galicia and later came to this country, where he entered St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, in 1885. He was raised to the Priesthood June 29, 1887, and held pastorates in Midland, Manistee, and Bay City successively.

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Isidore B. Dockweiler, a staunch Catholic and earnest worker for the Church, has been appointed by President Wilson to succeed the late Andrew Draper on the board of Indian commissioners.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

Who will have the greater merit—the person who yields to serious temptation and afterwards repents and lives a life of unselfish devotion, or the one who remains free from the grosser sins but always lives a selfish life?

If we draw our conclusion from the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican the repentant sinner evidently has the greater merit and will receive the greater reward. In fact among the canonized saints we find many that at one time were great sinners but none that justified themselves before God like the Pharisee. In considering this subject we must not confound the standard of God and the standard of the world. The Searcher of hearts judges man according to the sincerity of his mind and the goodness of his will, while the world is actuated by selfishness and human respect. No person merits by being protected from the occasion of sin by the providence of God, but he does merit by repentance and a life of sacrifice and devotion. On the other hand, a person may externally live a respectable life and, in the language of the Savior, be a whitewashed sepulchre.

How could God the Father beget the Son from all eternity?

The generation of the Son is an intellectual act whereby God the Father knows Himself. As the Father knew all things before all ages, His knowledge of Himself assumed the personality of the Son from eternity.

Are the days of creation to be understood as certain periods of time or as days of twenty-four hours duration?

In the beginning there were no days of twenty-four hours duration. Hence the days of creation must be considered as periods of time of indefinite duration.

How is envy of another's spiritual good a sin against the Holy Ghost?

The light of truth and the interior prompting of grace are the two means by which the Holy Ghost turns man from sin and enables him to progress in virtue. Envy of a neighbor's progress in virtue is a sin against the Holy Ghost because as jealous of God's love, it spurns His right to sanctify a neigh-

bor of good will. It is a species of schism whereby the soul recedes from the Sanctifier of mankind because it has not the good will to co-operate in His designs and with His grace in living a life of virtue.

Would you kindly explain why our Lord was not baptized as an infant, why they waited until He was thirty years of age? Some people think you should not be baptized or join any church until you are old enough to choose for yourself.

These questions are prompted by a misconception of both the baptism of John the Baptist and of the sacrament of baptism which our Savior instituted.

To prepare the people for the mission of the Savior, John the Baptist preached the necessity of personal repentance to them. Those of his hearers, who were willing to make a public profession of their sorrow for their sins were "baptized" by John in the waters of the Jordan. The baptism of John was only a ceremony which added solemnity to their external profession of repentance, just as the signing of a pledge by a repentant drunkard adds solemnity to his resolution of avoiding intoxicating drink in the future.

The baptism which our Savior instituted is a sacrament, that is, an action to which the divine Master has attached the grace of spiritual regeneration. On this account He said to Nicodemus: "Unless a man is born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The Sacrament of Baptism cleanses the soul from sin through the merits of her Mediator, Jesus Christ. It makes that soul His mystic member, and as such, acceptable to the eternal Father, a temple of the Holy Ghost, and co-heir with Christ to the kingdom of heaven.

That the ceremony of John the Baptist was in no way regarded by the Apostles as identical with, or as a substitute for the Sacrament of Baptism, is evident from the conduct of St. Paul at Ephesus. "Paul came to Ephesus and found certain disciples. And he said to them: Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed? But

they said to him: We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost. And he said: In what then were you baptized? Who said: In John's baptism. Then Paul said: John baptized the people with the baptism of penance, saying: That they should believe in Him who was to come after him, that is to say, in Jesus. Having heard these things they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts. 19, 1-5.)

As our Lord came to atone for the sins of the world it was proper for Him to receive the baptism of John at the beginning of His Public ministry. But, if any parents would put off the baptism of their children until these can decide for themselves and in justification of their conduct allege the fact that the Savior was baptized only when thirty years of age, the less said of their logic, of their faith, or of their solicitude for their children, the better. If they could make their children heirs to a valuable city block, or to a section of farming land by having them baptized, would they wait until those children could choose for themselves in so important a matter? And what is this whole earth with all its material wealth compared to the inheritance of heaven? And it is not a mere man but the Savior Himself who said: Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. (John, 3, 5.)

Do you approve of young women reading Myrtle Reed's books?

Though there be nothing contrary to faith or morals in these Love Letters, more serious reading would be more profitable to our Catholic young woman.

If a girl has a religious vocation does it matter what Order she joins?

When a girl has a religious vocation two things should be the object of her solicitude. She should scrupulously co-operate with this priceless grace by living a truly religious life while still in the world. After much prayer she should follow the advice of her confessor in deciding on the particular Order which she seeks to enter. Yes, the choice of the particular Order is included in the grace of a religious vocation, and Providence leads every soul that is anxious to do God's will to the Order for which God destined her.

Can a person living in adultery be absolved on his deathbed?

A person living in adultery can be absolved as soon as he is sincerely contrite, confesses his sin, and amends his life. The adulterer, who waits for a deathbed conversion usually does not receive the grace of conversion which he spurned through life.

When did God create the angels?

In the beginning when God created heaven and earth, He also created the angels.

If some of the angels were cast out of heaven what assurance of security will we poor mortals have when we get to heaven?

Heaven may mean the air, the sky, and the abode of God. While the angels were on trial they did not enjoy the Beatific Vision of God which is the source of all peace, security, and happiness. Hence the fall of the rebellious angels can be no cause of anxiety for all of good will, who persevere in the service of God. Their assurance rests on the infinite goodness and promises of God.

If a person at heart does not believe in God or eternity, though a Catholic, does the good will to believe permit him to receive the Sacraments?

There are certain truths which are recorded in every human heart and which no one can honestly deny. The existence of God and of eternity belong to this class. If any one who claims to be a Catholic says he cannot believe these truths he is either very ignorant or insincere with himself and his family. If he knows his catechism he surely needs a good confession to free him from the slavery of sin and Satan. For, as Pope Leo wisely said: "the heart is always corrupted first before the mind rules God out of existence." The man in question should therefore avoid infidel and immoral literature and association and manifest his good will by prayer for light and he will have no difficulty in believing as well as practising all that God has revealed and the Catholic Church teaches.

Isn't God satisfied as long as we mean well no matter what we do?

No, He is not. God places before us life and death, heaven and hell, happiness and misery. He insists that as we sow so shall we reap.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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"Roma," by Rev. A. Kuhn, O. S. B. The interest which the jubilee just closed, has aroused, makes the children of Holy Church eager to learn more and more of the City of the Roman Pontiffs. The present work promises to satisfy that just desire. The method of publication should tend to make the work popular. It is put out in parts bi-monthly; each part costs 35c; or a person may subscribe for a year, and thus procure six parts for two dollars. The illustrations are good and there are many of them. The publication is from Benziger Bros.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Explained in the Form of Questions and Answers," by Rev. J. J. Baierl. "The book," says the preface "may be used as a catechism for school children and as a manual for converts." It serves its double purpose well and would be very profitably read by others in neither of the two mentioned categories. What is especially to be praised is the "Summary of the Prayers and Parts of the Mass as the Perpetuation of the Sacrifice of the Cross." This must strike every child and imprint on its mind a permanent picture. It is published at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. Price 50c.

It is the endeavor of pastors to make the laity better understand the religious services of Holy Church. A great aid is furnished by B. Herder's publication of "*The Missal. Compiled from the Missale Romanum.*" The Missal is the Mass Book, the book which the Priest uses at Mass. This little Missal is in English and Latin and has all the directions written in red print. To intelligently hear Mass no better prayer-book can be had. It sells for \$1.50 and upwards according to the binding.

We heartily welcome the second edition of Rev. M. M. Gerend's little work on "*Christian Politeness.*" As the Rev. Author states it is a timely topic, particularly so in the view taken.

After giving the underlying principles of all true politeness, he "examines the Preliminary Conditions required by politeness and finally treats of the Rules or Laws that should guide men's actions in the various circumstances of daily life" (Preface). The many examples given make the book most interesting and the fund of passages drawn from various sources show the author to be well versed in his subject. The book can be had from "Our Young People Co.," 417 Seventh St., Milwaukee, Wis. Price 85c.

Benziger Bros. announce another work from the untiring pen of Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. Ss. R. It is a companion volume to the author's widely known Manual of Theology for the Laity. The present work is called "*A Manual of Spiritual Life for the Laity.*" As the former treats Catholic Doctrine, this purports to develop the principle of a devout life.

Those who are acquainted with the works of the late Rev. A. Berthe, C. Ss. R., will be pleased to learn that Rev. Ferreol Girardey has given us the English form of his very highly praised work: "*Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph.*" The first French edition of this work was sold in two weeks and it has for some time existed in a German and Spanish form. It is surprising that we had to wait so long for the English and all readers of Fr. Berthe must feel grateful to Rev. Father Girardey for this English edition. Fr. Berthe while following the conclusions of science writes with the pen of an artist. It is published by B. Herder. Price \$1.75.

While Fr. Girardey's translation of Fr. Berthe's Life of Christ was in press, the indefatigable author revised a small booklet "*Little Talks to Children*" preparing for Holy Communion. This booklet written by a Cleveland priest is simple and well fitted for purpose of the author.



	Lucid Intervals	
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Said a cheerful old bear in the Zoo:
 "I never have time to feel blue.
 If it bores me, you know,
 To walk to and fro,
 I reverse it and walk fro and to."

"That lawyer of mine has a nerve."
 "Why so?"
 "Listen to this item in his bill: 'For
 waking up in the night and thinking
 over your case, \$5.'"

Said the bibulous gentleman who had
 been reading birth and death statistics:
 "Do you know, James, every time I
 breathe a man dies?"
 "Then," said James, "why don't you
 chew cloves?"

The collections had fallen off badly
 in the colored church and the pastor
 made a short address before the box
 was passed.

"I don't want any man to gib mo'
 dan his share, bredern," he said gently,
 "but we mus' all gib ercordin' to what
 we rightly hab. I say 'rightly hab,'
 bredern, because we don't want no
 tainted money in dis box. 'Squire
 Jones tol' me dat he done miss some
 chickens dis week. Now if any ob our
 bredern hab fallen by de wayside in
 connection wif dose chickens let him
 stay his hand from de box.

"Now, Deacon Smiff, please pass de
 box while I watch de signs an' see if
 dere's any one in dis congregation dat
 needs me ter wrestle in prayer fer
 him."

The theatrical manager who had
 great difficulty in persuading the wo-
 men to remove their hats during the
 performance one day had this sign
 printed and posted in the theatre:
 "Bald-headed ladies are not required
 to remove their hats during the per-
 formance."

"Walter, did you give your brother
 the best part of the apple, as I told
 you to?" asked the mother.

"Yes, Mother," said Walter, "I gave
 him the seeds. He can plant 'em and
 have a whole orchard."

"Are you waiting for me, dear?"
 she said, coming downstairs at last,
 after spending half an hour fixing her
 hat.

"Waiting," exclaimed the impatient
 man "Oh, no, not waiting—sojourning."

The latest addition to the Murphy
 family was lusty twin boys. At six
 months of age they were as like as
 two peas. Neighbors often wondered
 how Mrs. Murphy told them apart.
 One day Mrs. O'Flaherty said to her:
 "Foine pair of boys you've got, Mrs.
 Murphy, but, bless my soul, how do
 you iver till thim apart?"

"Faith, and that's aisy, Mrs. O'Fla-
 herty," replied Mrs. Murphy. "I puts
 my finger in Dinis's mouth, and if he
 bites it's Moike."

A negro came running down the
 lane as though the Old Boy were after
 him.

"What are you running for, Mose?"
 called the colonel from the barn.

"I ain't a-runnin' fo'," shouted back
 Mose. "I'se a-runnin' from!"

The evening callers were chatting
 with their hosts when there came a
 patter of little feet along the hall.

"Hush," whispered the hostess, rais-
 ing her hand; "the children are coming
 with the good-night message. It al-
 ways gives me a feeling of reverence
 to hear them. They are so much
 nearer to Heaven than we, and they
 speak from the fullness of their little
 hearts never so freely as when the
 lark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment's pause, and
 then the message came in a shrill
 whisper. "Mamma," it ran, "Willie
 found a cockroach in the tub."

"Hov yez anny ancistors, Mrs.
 Kelley?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"And phwat's ancistors?"

"People ye sphring from."

"Mrs. O'Brien, listen to me," said
 Mrs. Kelley impressively. "Oi come
 from th' rale sthock of Donaghans that
 sphring from nobody—they sphring at
 them."